

## NO LONGER YOUNG.

While crow's feet yet have spared the face,  
And time of time has left no trace  
Upon the locks which still with grace  
Above our brows have clung,  
We find our pace is growing slow,  
And, as we view the passing show,  
There comes a time when we must know  
That we're no longer young.

There comes a time when children born  
Long since our childhood's locks were  
shorn,  
The victor's bays we missed, have worn  
To praise freely sung;  
And while these acclamations flow,  
Truth's whisper in the ear sounds low  
That it is time for us to know  
That we're no longer young.

That it is time to bear the pain  
Of learning that we must remain  
Henceforth an exile from youth's reign  
In age's desert flung—  
But e'er we stagger from this blow,  
Which adds to life another woe,  
May fortune grant us sense to know  
When we're no longer young!  
—Indianapolis News.

## The Love of Soo Tokion.

His name was Soo Tokion and he was the only Japanese student at a big university on a big lake. Her name was Helen Sturtevant and she was an American student at the same big university. Soo was a little fellow like nearly all of his race. Helen was a great, splendid creature, who towered more than a head above the little Jap. Professors and students alike had ample opportunity to note the fact that Helen was a head taller than Soo, for the little Japanese was with her whenever opportunity afforded.

The students said that Tokion came very near being a Greek word, and they wondered how the name wandered to far-off Japan. They said that the Jap didn't have much of the appearance of the Spartan about him, though he did have scholarship that might be called Athenian. At his first name, Soo, they laughed. It fitted him, they said, because it was a name that went with his build and weight. Of course the boys called him "Susie," and the Jap never minded at all until he found out that Susie was a girl's name, and that it was given to him in a sort of contempt for his pigmy build.

The Japs are noted wrestlers, and one day Susie astonished a big fellow who had applied the girl name to him by standing him on his head and nearly breaking the tormentor's neck in doing it. After that even the husky football players sunk the name Susie and spoke to the little Jap cordially and called him by the name given him in the Orient.

Now Helen Sturtevant had attracted Soo the moment his Eastern eyes beheld her. It's curious, but it's true as the synoptic gospels, that little men, that is extremely little men, manage to fall in love with big women. Helen Sturtevant liked the devotion of the Jap. She treated him with an amused sort of toleration. Every woman likes devotion, even though it is shown by a little chap.

Soo Tokion was a Buddhist, but he had become a Christian, or what is more likely, pretended conversion, so that he could go to chapel and sit near Helen Sturtevant. It was a fair-haired goddess that he was worshipping while on his knees, rather than the God of the Christians. Because Helen Sturtevant was taking a course in elocution and dramatic art Soo undertook the same course, and this gave him other opportunities to be near his adored one.

The co-eds gossiped much, and at times rather noisily about the devotion of Soo to Helen. As the girls put it the little Jap was awfully cut up about the fair American and it was a shame that because Helen Sturtevant liked admiration she must encourage Soo to go on breaking his heart when there was no chance of Helen's mending it for him in the way that Soo wanted.

Helen had so many beaux among the American students that it is just barely possible that some of the co-eds thought that she might let Soo attach himself to their trains, for Soo was reported to be wealthy and the big bunches of hothouse flowers that went to Helen in zero weather, when hothouse flowers cost a mint, would have been very acceptable to any of the other fair sisters of the university. Helen Sturtevant had no very serious thoughts about the Jap. She did like him in a certain way, and the bon-bons he sent her were delicious and the flowers were fragrant "and surely," the girl said to herself, "he can't mean anything serious, for he must know how utterly impossible it would be for me to think of such a thing as loving him, let alone marrying him."

Helen Sturtevant was bent on following the career of an actress. She had natural gifts. Absolutely impartial persons had told her that, and the girl felt it herself. Her father was a man of some means, and he grudged nothing that would go toward the education of his daughter and the helping toward the realization of her dramatic dreams.

One day a dozen of the co-eds were gathered in the university art studio.

They were waiting the arrival of an instructor, and while waiting they sat and gossiped. Helen Sturtevant was there. The night before at a musical the attentions of Soo Tokion had been more marked than ever. He had brought a great bunch of American Beauty roses to be given to Helen when she had triumphantly finished her part in the program. It was mid-winter, and American Beauty roses were quoted at fabulous prices.

"Helen," said one of the co-eds, "you'll bankrupt Soo, rich though I understand he is. Charlie Nelson sent me one rose last night, and one of the girls told me she had asked the price of 'Beauties' and they were \$3.50 each."

"You'll do something worse than bankrupt poor Soo, Helen," said another student; "you'll break his heart unless you keep it sound by marrying him. Frankly, dear child, everybody is taking about this thing, even the professors. Why don't you marry him?" the girl questioned, half mischievously.

Helen flushed. The idea of marrying Soo was preposterous. "Do you suppose any American girl would marry an Oriental?" she said. "The Far Eastern peoples have no more conception of the rights of a woman as a wife than has the unspeakable Turk. They may think they love a woman, but not one of them would sacrifice his own pleasure for her, let alone anything higher."

An instructor came into the studio and called the students out. Behind a screen in the corner stood a man—a man in truth, though in stature he was but a child. It was Soo Tokion. He had been at work on a clay model when the students entered. He was about to make his presence behind the screen known, when there came the words which held him silent. Now he stood trembling, and with something in the depths of his Orientaleyes that was past sounding. "No such thing as sacrifice known to my people for those whom we love?" he murmured to himself. "No regard for the rights of woman as a wife?" Then Soo Tokion murmured something in his native tongue that sounded like a prayer.

The next day there came a blow to Helen Sturtevant. Her father had failed, failed utterly and miserably, and she must give up her course. The girl was crushed bodily and mentally. The news flew through the university. Helen's father's business had gone to the wall and Helen was to leave. The stage dream had vanished with the rude awakening.

Soo Tokion heard. He sought the girl out. She was sitting alone in a corner of a music room. He went to her softly. He carried one rosebud, spotlessly white, in his hand. The girl looked up as he came. She saw him and above her own misery came the thought of what she had said the day before, and her heart smote her.

"I have heard, and I am sorry, Miss Helen," said Soo. He put the white rose in her hand and then started to speak again, but his voice broke. He uttered the one word "Helen," and before the girl knew it he had seized her hand, kissed it and was gone.

Two days after the body of a man, a little man, was recovered from the waters of the big lake. It was not hard to identify the drowned.

One week afterward Helen Sturtevant was informed by a law firm that she was the sole heiress to \$25,000, the entire fortune of Soo Tokion, university student.

With the announcement was inclosed this letter, addressed to Helen in a handwriting she knew well:

"You must keep on with your studies. I loved you. We of the East consider it a virtue to do things for those whom we love."

There is a little chapel now being built near the Presbyterian mission in a village just outside Yokohama. It is called the Soo Tokion Chapel. The village was the birthplace of Soo Tokion, student of an American university. The money was made over to the missionaries from some one known to them only as a classmate of him for whom the memorial was to be erected. The chapel's cost was \$25,000.

In an American city a regal-looking girl with sad eyes is working her way slowly but steadily upward in the profession of dramatic art.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Why Some News Is "Delayed."

It is said that one of the great enemies of the overland telegraph line in Central Australia is the common green frog. In order to save the insulators from being broken by lightning they are provided with wire "droppers" leading round them at a little distance to conduct on to the iron pole in case of need.

The frogs climb the poles and find the insulators cool and pleasant to their bodies, and fancy that the "dropper" is put there to furnish them with a back seat.

After a nap they yawn and stretch out a leg until it touches the pole. Result, sudden death to the frog, and as the body continues to conduct the current to earth we see a paragraph in the papers to the effect that "in consequence of an interruption to the lines, probably caused by a cyclonic disturbance in the interior, we are unable to present our readers with the usual cables from England."

## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S NEW PRIVATE SECRETARY.



*William Loeb, Jr.*

—From the New York Independent.

WILLIAM LOEB, JR., was born October 9, 1866, in Albany, N. Y., of German parentage. His education was in the Albany common schools and high school. He then studied shorthand and worked for newspapers and was for a while Bishop Doane's amanuensis. He established a law reporting business and went actively into politics, was made official stenographer for the Albany Assembly, and was private secretary to several Republican leaders of New York. Mr. Roosevelt, when Governor of New York, made him his private and confidential secretary, a position due to his ability and acquaintance with public men of affairs. When Mr. Roosevelt became President Mr. Loeb was retained as his Assistant Secretary and was made Secretary on the elevation of Mr. Cortelyou to the Cabinet.

## BIRTHPLACE OF IRON INDUSTRY

An Interesting Casting Owned by the City of Lynn.

Among the relics in the possession of the city of Lynn, Mass., is the first kettle cast in the Saugus Iron Works, which was the first successful institution of the kind in this country. The works were built in 1642, at the head of navigation of the Saugus River, and what was known as the iron works tract covered the 3000 acres which today includes Lynn and the five surrounding towns. The company which



A VERY EARLY AMERICAN CASTING.

owned and operated these works included among its members several men prominent in Massachusetts at that period, conspicuous among whom was John Winthrop, Jr., son of Governor John Winthrop.

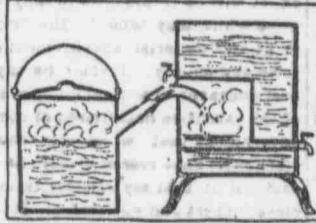
A tablet on the site reads as follows:

THE FIRST IRON WORKS.  
The first successful iron works in the country established here. Foundry erected in 1643. Joseph Jenks built a forge here in 1647, and in 1652 made the dies for the first silver money coined in New England. In 1654 he made the first fire engine in America. Erected by Lynn Historical Society, 1908.

Lord Acton, who died recently in London, had the finest private library in England, consisting of over sixty thousand copies.

### Home Distilling Plant.

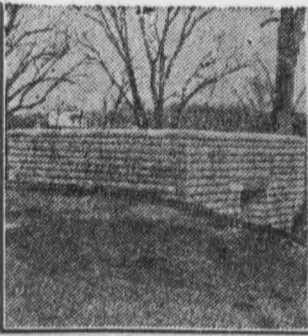
There is no question but that a large proportion of the sickness with which mankind is afflicted is due to impure water, taken when the system is weakened from some cause and unable to exert its strength to fight the disease microbes with which the water



GIVES A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF PURE WATER.

abounds. It is a common practice for the physician to recommend the use of distilled water for a patient ill with one disease in order to guard against the liability of other disease germs being taken into the stomach, and it is likely that distilled water would be prescribed for constant use were it not for the difficulty of securing it. It is to provide a constant supply of this pure water, with as little trouble as possible, that the household still shown in the illustration has been invented by Edward Warren and George W. Healy. The invention is to utilize the waste steam from the teakettle, and the invention, therefore, comprises a double reservoir, having a receiver for the steam and a cold water chamber surrounding the condenser. A curved tube is slipped over the spout of the kettle to conduct the steam into the condensing chamber, and as fast as the distilled water collects in this chamber it is drawn off for use or bottling. The cold water reservoir is filled from time to time, and has a faucet to feed the kettle through an opening in the tube which covers the spout. Thus the steam from the boiling water is constantly producing the distilled product, instead of wasting itself in the air.

### Tomb of President William Henry Harrison.



Situated upon a beautiful knoll, about 200 feet above the Ohio River, near the North Bend Station, in Ohio, is the tomb of William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe. It has recently been rebuilt. Surrounding it there are fine old trees.



### SPRAYING.

Do not wait too long before beginning to spray to destroy insects and parasites. It is the early work that is the most effectual.

### SETTING FRUIT TREES.

Set fruit trees as early in spring as possible, so the roots may get well established before the hot weather comes on. Mulch them well with coarse manure, leaves or straw to prevent evaporation. Pack the soil very firmly about the roots and cut back the top severely.

### A WILDING.

The spiderwort (Tradescantia Virginica) is a cousin of that other Tradescantia that we know as Wandering Jew. It is often found in old-fashioned gardens, but is really a wildling. Its three-petaled purple-blue flowers are attractive when growing, but are very short lived. This plant is an instance of nature's harmonies; its green and blue are exquisitely toned to harmonize with each other.

### THINNING OUT FRUIT.

The grower who will try the heroic remedy of thinning out the fruit on overloaded trees may feel as though he was making a sacrifice, but when harvest time comes he will have more fruit—in bushels—and of better quality than will be found on trees left overloaded. Not only will there also be a gain in quality and price, but the trees will not be so severely taxed, and will be in better condition for the succeeding year. To get good prices it is better to ship one bushel of superior fruit than two bushels of inferior stuff, as the expense will be less and the goods will sell more readily.

### FINE HEDGES.

Fine hedges are scarce in this country for two reasons. The chief reason is that the American, with characteristic impatience, wants any good thing he is going to have "right away quick," and insists on having plants set that are altogether too large to ever make a good hedge. To start right, says a practical gardener, the plants should not be over two feet high, twice transplanted, and the annual growth kept trimmed down to from three to six inches by trimming in June and September. This makes growing a hedge a work of time and patience, but produces the finest possible results in strength, beauty and long life.

### THE GLOXINIA BULB.

Plant the gloxinia bulbs in the spring, in a soil made up of leaf-mold turf and plenty of sand. When the first shoots have made a few leaves pinch off the tips of them, and several branches will start below. In this way more blooming surface is made than if but one stem is allowed to grow upon each bulb. Do not give them much direct sunshine, but keep them in a light place, and keep the soil only moderately moist. They need a little stimulant in the way of a fertilizer during the blooming season. After they have blossomed, which will be in October or November, set the plants in a shady corner and allow the soil to dry out considerably, but not entirely. The plants can be set in the cellar during the winter. In April re-pot the bulbs or tubers, and they soon begin to grow.

### APPLES FOR PROFIT.

This topic was discussed at a recent meeting of the Michigan horticultural society by Professor L. R. Taft, who advised the selection of a well-drained, heavy loam soil in some elevated, rolling location. During the first two or three years the land between the trees may be used for some hoed crop, but after that time nothing but apples should be taken from the land. On most soils it will be best to cultivate up to July 1-15 and then sow some cover crop. For northern Michigan, mammoth clover is particularly well adapted. This should be turned under early the next spring and the operation repeated.

On rich, moist land the clover may be grown for a number of years without plowing, but it should not be taken from the land. It should be cut two or three times during the summer and allowed to remain to provide humus and plant food. If this treatment is practiced while the trees are small, a strip on either side of the rows should be kept cultivated, or some of the clover should be placed about the trees as a mulch.

Owing to the attacks of insects and fungi, good fruit cannot be grown without spraying. The best results are obtained if bordeaux mixture and white arsenic are applied just before the blossoms open. This should be repeated within a week after the blossoms have fallen, and again in two or three weeks. When there is danger of injury from the second brood of the codling moth, the trees should be sprayed again about August 1. American Agriculturist.